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INVIDIOUSNESS.

No one who has not known what it is to conduct a periodical work, could have the least idea of the strange revelations of human character which come before those who do, in the shape of letters from correspondents. Amongst those which we receive, there is a class consisting of remarks on the work itself, or on papers presented in it, or on circumstances and individuals mentioned in those papers, usually conceived in a spirit which otherwise we could scarcely suppose to exist in the world. The bulk of the enlightened and candid persons who have read the Journal from the beginning, will, we believe, do it the justice to say, that it has shown no disposition to offend the feelings of individuals, that it has always advocated humane and philanthropic objects, and that, though it has sometimes given praise to individuals, to inventions, and to various other matters, there has been no appearance of its ever doing so for interested reasons. Those also who, from local situation, may chance to know any thing of the persons concerned in the work, would, we trust, allow that their personal demeanour has been generally of that retiring and almost neutral character which naturally belongs to men absorbed in one abstracting pursuit. Nevertheless, it is surprising (and we only mention it as a curious revelation of human nature) what a number of letters we receive, manifesting a virulent and detestable spirit. One person will write three pages of malignant pedantry on the subject of a wrong figure in a statistical table. Another will ask us how much we got for speaking favourably of a certain field of emigration. It would astonish any right-minded person to know what a mean spirit of carping, and what low suspicions men will give expression to, with and without their real signatures. For example, we lately received a letter alluding to the paper which appeared in the Journal a few months ago, descriptive of the parish-school of Kennay, and of the improvements which a modest, ingenious, and active-minded man had been able, notwithstanding great difficulties, to introduce into it. The generous, who can sympathise in the spirit in which this article was written, will almost believe us to be romancing, when we inform them that it drew from a person of the same county a letter betraying the most bitter feelings towards the worthy schoolmaster, and unhesitatingly assuming that the paper itself had been written as a puff by a person whom, we can most candidly say, we never heard of. Even the lowly origin from which this amiable man has had the credit of rising, was made a subject of malignant taunt by our correspondent, although, judging from the style and appearance of his own letter, we should suppose himself to be of by no means elevated condition. Malevolence so great appears in itself monstrous; but our wonder, surely, may well exceed all ordinary bounds, when we find that a man will have the assurance to transmit such a letter to a stranger, with his full name and address. It is an instructive circumstance that letters of this class did not reach us in the early years of the Journal. In those days we were, on the contrary, overwhelmed with good wishes and advices. Within the last few years, detestable letters have increased in frequency, evidently in consequence of the presumed success and stability of this publication. Men living five hundred miles from us will now deem it worth while to issue a missive of mortification, per post, to twit us with an obscure mistake in topography, or to ask us if we are not pretty fellows to pretend to have any regard for the public interest, when it is clear that we only write in order to fill our own pockets.

There can be no mistake about the feeling mani-

festing in these communications. They are all referable to a well-known passion—the first, we believe, which prompted a crime upon earth, and one which will probably maintain its clandestine existence till the end of the chapter. It would be trite to enter into a full discussion of such a passion; but a few remarks may perhaps be expected to have some force, where a formal essay would be useless.

We often hear of the injustice of visiting the crimes of poor men with severity, and at the same time allowing culprits of wealth and rank to escape with comparatively slight punishment. That this is unjust there can be not the least doubt; and we could imagine no nobler boast for any governor, than to have it to say that he had never once forgiven to a wealthy man what he would not have forgiven to a poor one. But there is another kind of injustice which perhaps as frequently occurs, though we chance to hear less about it, and which consists in a disposition to judge severely, or to speak detractingly, of men merely because they are amongst those to whom nature or fortune has been kind. It would appear, indeed, to be just one of the rarest things in the world, to find a person who uniformly delights to hear of any good befalling his fellow-creatures, and can bear with perfect serenity to think that others are as well spoken of, and as well off in all respects, as himself. Many are good enough sort of people in all ordinary relations of society; but if it should happen that others attain success, or renown, or any thing else to which they considered themselves as equally entitled, and they appear in a moment transformed into the most malignant shapes. It is not always, however, that feelings of this kind are shown. There are merits so clear, and so generally acknowledged, that the invidious, for the sake of their own credit, are obliged to yield at least a tacit assent, if not also to join in the applause. Perhaps for one instance of envious feeling shown, there are ten which remain buried in a profound hypocrisy—the homage which littleness pays to magnanimity—or only finds vent in sly and oblique insinuations, or detractions in which there may possibly appear some shadow of justice.

That anciently and universally acknowledged feature of human nature—there being so such thing as perfection about it—is a point of immense consequence to the decently malignant. Be the qualities of any individual what they may, this, of course, affords to that respectable fraternity a safe opportunity of venting the venom of their bosoms. See youth, innocence, and beauty united in that slender female form which glides lightly through the room! The generous mind delights in the object, and wishes to the owner of so fair a form a fate as fair. But while the generous thinks, and can think, of no ill appertaining to so lovely a vision, some withered member of the same sex, pining because she attracts less admiration, finds it possible to hint that she thinks the creature looks a little giddy, and, after all, though a good figure, she has not very neat feet. See, again, that benevolent-looking old man, who, although he never does good but by stealth, has done so very much, that every body knows of it; how easy to take down the character of this venerable person, by gently drawing attention to a slightly vain and egotistic manner which unfortunately belongs to him, though the generous would acknowledge it to be almost essential to the very simplicity and singleness of his nature. So also is it with this young man so distinguished at college, and whose prospects in the beginning of his professional career are generally considered so good. "For my part, I cannot see so much merit in that prize-essay of his—it may be my blindness—but I own I cannot

see it. I dare say he is very clever, but he flies at every thing; and no one, you know, can shine in many departments of either literature or science." In short, there is nothing which mankind admire, but it will be easy for the faction to pluck a few of its plumes, or tug it back a little in its brilliant career. The finest accomplishments may be legitimately spoken of by those who have none, as only acquired, and only exercised, for the sake of effect. Let personal elegance be spoken of with rapture by some simple soul—"Ah! give me the beauty of the mind: that is a great deal more lasting." Such a lady is thought to be a regular contributor to the magazines—"Much better she spent her time in her nursery, and darned her husband's stockings." Thompson is a clever young fellow, and really does look handsome—"Fit for nothing but to flirt with young ladies; give me the solid young man." Nothing good or pleasing, but it is possible, under the sanction of some formula of common speech, to depreciate it, and thereby give the opposite qualities a momentary though self-deluding triumph. Even against the most perfect good nature it may not be impossible to establish a detraction. All that is necessary is to persecute it into some momentary show of anger, such as a saint could have scarcely repressed, and then turn the tables upon it, and raise hands and eyes in astonishment at the rancour of one whom the world at large looks upon as an angel.

Envy is never so fully developed as where there is a presumable parity in the parties. There must at least have been an equality originally, and the good which is envied must appear as something which might as properly belong to one as the other. A person in the middle ranks rarely thinks of envying the great territorial lord of his neighbourhood, for his wide-spreading parks and splendid equipages. He is much more disposed to be jealous of friend Tomkins two doors off, who lately set up a shandydan. Hence it is that there are few spies so intense as those which young ladies a little *passie* feel respecting the prospective nuptials of young ladies as yet in the bloom of youth. In this case, Susan is blessed with what Eliza had at one time as good reason to expect as she. It looks like robbery, and the crime can never be forgiven. Few ladies, indeed, are of that philosophical temper which can tamely see beaux deserting the ancient standards for new faces. Plots to prevent such untoward doings, or to mar them if they have gone too far, are the least that can be expected. Let the younger and more fortunate misses beware. Ten to one that some *tracasserie* from a side quarter cools the ardour and breaks the faith of their swain, just at the moment when they think themselves most sure of him. Some one is pretty sure to deem it a duty to give a warning in a certain quarter, and the consequence is that two persons are made supremely miserable, all for their own good.

Although envy may be defined as selfishness put into an actively destructive or resentful form, it would be very absurd to suppose that it is a thing confined to very low natures. It will only be conspicuously manifested in worthless people; but it is also a weed which will take root and grow in minds not incapable of generous feeling. Many who would willingly administer to the relief of distress, and melt in pity over the poor and lowly, are capable of cherishing a detestable spirit towards individuals who are elevated by wealth or by personal merits. This necessarily must be, in as far as an irregular self-esteem may perfectly well exist in the same mind with benevolence. In the one case, they see something inferior to themselves, and the self-esteem, pleased and soothed, awakens kind emotions. In the other, they see

something superior, and self-esteem, offended, rouses resentment. There is no chance of justice with such persons, unless you chance to be quite below all possibility of coming into competition with themselves. Very poor persons, very stupid and ordinary persons, the blind, the hopelessly deformed or lame, and the miserable in general, are allowed their full deserts, and perhaps something more; but the comfortable, the distinguished, the handsome, the flourishing, are only alluded to be the subjects of derogatory remarks. It is in this particular relation that rudeness of address is perhaps most apt to be indulged in. The presumption appears to be that a person so well off either is protected by the very felicity of his circumstances from feeling pain, or is done so much more than justice to by Fortune, that it is only putting things to rights to afflict him a little. In such circumstances, we could imagine a man exclaiming—"Well, gentlemen, it is true I have the misfortune to have never met with any very unpleasant reverses in life—I am sadly lucky in every thing—I am disposed to be cheerful and happy; but still I would hope I am not to be considered as beyond the pale of human sympathy. I would hope that prosperity does not infer outlawry. Reflect, gentlemen, I am still a human being, and have pride to be wounded, good feelings to be soured, like any of yourselves. Do not drive me from the herd of my kind, merely because I have chanced to get a little more of those gifts of providence, which you know we all despise, than some of yourselves."

It is surely most unworthy to feel and act in this manner. If individuals of generally estimable character, who indulge in such a spirit, were to consider it in its true light, they would be appalled at their error. It is exactly the same bad feeling which prompts wretches to such acts as the throwing of vitriol on the clothes of well-dressed persons, the maiming of cattle, and the sending of malignant anonymous letters—acts from which every person of the slightest worth must revolt with horror. There are other considerations which might be pressed upon their attention. No one man's good is necessarily the evil of any other man. Superior circumstances and merits are often the express results of industry exerted, and self-denial put in practice, during a long course of time. It would be well for the invidious to ask if they have done and denied themselves so much in their time. If not, it may be presumed that their life has been of a more easy and enjoying kind, and that they naturally have not their cake now because they ate it long ago. It may be said, But many possess superior merits and are in superior conditions, solely through the gift of nature and fortune. And, if such be the case, is it for a mortal to challenge the result?

In conclusion, we would say that nothing can approach in turpitude the having a more liberal kind of justice for the rich than for the poor, except it be that converse error, the having a justice only for those who are below, but none for those who are above our own condition.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

In the early part of the month of October of the year 1822, having passed the night at Spoleto, which still looks as if the fatal earthquake of 1703 had shaken all the inhabitants out of it, we proceeded, after breakfast, over the mountains to Terni, visiting by the way the curious remains of an ancient aqueduct, and an arch called the Arch of Hannibal, under which he is said to have passed in triumph after the battle of Thrasiimene. Though we had but fifteen miles to travel, yet, as we had to creep over the Apennines a great part of it, it was towards the middle of the day when we heard our postillions crying "Via! via!" as we drove up to the door of the hotel at Terni. An odd-looking foreign carriage that impeded our way moved forward upon this summons, and we took its place; and, having alighted, were conducted to a room on the first floor. "Will there be time enough for us to see the falls to-day?" was our first inquiry; for we were anxious to reach Rome on the following evening, and to do this an early start was necessary. "Certainly," said the host, "provided your excellencies" (excellencies are cheap there) "do not lose time." However, the air of the mountains had given us an appetite, and it was agreed that eat we must before we did any thing else; but it was arranged that, whilst we took our repast, a carriage should be prepared, and that we should set out immediately afterwards. In the mean while, we took our seats at the window, and looked abroad to see what was to be seen. "What is that building opposite?" inquired I of the waiter. "That is the jail," he replied. "And whose carriage is this at the door?" said I; for the odd-looking foreign carriage was still there. "It belongs to the Count and Countess Z—" answered he; "they are just going off to the falls." Effectively, two minutes afterwards we saw the footman advance to open the door, and presently a gentleman and lady stepped out of the house and entered the vehicle. After handing her in, the

count turned round and said something to the host, which gave us an opportunity of catching a glimpse of his face. It was a young and handsome one, dark, and somewhat sallow; his figure, too, was good; and he was well dressed, in a blue coat, dark trousers, and light waistcoat. Whilst he was speaking, the lady bent forwards to observe him, and as she did so, she caught a view of our English phizzes at the window, and looked up at us. "Heavens! what an Italian face that is!" I exclaimed to my companion. "What do you mean?" said he. "Why, I mean," I replied, "that there is a ready-made romance in it." "What sort of a romance?" inquired he. "Why," I answered, "Vandyke is said to have predicted, on seeing a portrait of Lord Strafford, that he was destined to come to a bad end; now, I do not think that lady is destined to come to a good one." "She is very handsome," observed my friend. "Very," I replied; and so she was—dark complexioned, magnificent full black eyes, a finely formed mouth and nose, though these were rather on the large scale, and with that uniformity of colour, often so beautiful in Spanish and Italian women. She was attired in a pale silk of *centre de bicke*, and wore a delicate pink satin bennet, and an elegant white blond veil. Whilst we were making these observations, the gentleman stepped in, the carriage drove away, and our luncheon being shortly announced, we ceased to think more of the Count and Countess Z—.

As soon, however, as we had satisfied the claims of hunger, we remembered the business that was before us, and calling for our carriage, we proceeded to the foot of Mount St Angelo, where we alighted, in order to walk up the hill. There stood the foreign carriage; and I rather hoped that, as its owners were still viewing the falls, we might have another opportunity of inspecting the handsome pair. Some children, who are always in waiting to earn a few pence by showing travellers the way, here joined us, and advancing leisurely on account of the heat, we commenced the ascent. There were gates at different intervals on the road, at each of which some children were stationed, one or two of whom, after letting us through, generally fell into our train. I think we had passed two or three of these, when we saw several people hastening down the mountain towards us, with a speed that implied they were urged by some more than common motive; and as they drew nearer, we distinguished a clamour, mostly of children, all talking as fast as they could at the top of their voices, and gesticulating with the utmost violence. "*Che sia?*" (What is the matter?) said I to our little guides. "*Non so!*" (We don't know), said they. They then carried on a dispute amongst themselves, in which some said "yes," and others "no;" but we could not understand more of their *patois*. At length one of them, pointing at the advancing group, cried out, with characteristic energy, "*Sì, eccolo!*" (Yes, there he is); and on looking forwards, I descried in the midst of the party, walking so fast that he seemed either to be under the influence of the highest excitement, or else trying to outwalk his companions, the owner of the carriage, Count Z—. He was bare-headed, his waistcoat was unbuttoned, and one side of his coat was torn clean off from the lappel to the waist. His face—but no—Fuseli might have painted it—words cannot describe it; the deadly hue, the white lips, the staring eyes, the horrid distortion of the whole features! "*Che sia? che sia?*" I exclaimed eagerly, as we reached the party; but they all dashed past us, whilst the whole of our train fell into theirs; and if my companion had not laid violent hands on one urchin, and prevented his secession, we should have been left standing on the hillside by ourselves. After straining our eyes after them for some minutes, guessing and wondering, and perplexing ourselves as to what had happened and where the lady could be, we resolved to hasten forwards with all the speed we could, in the hope of having our curiosity satisfied, and of perhaps meeting the countess at the farmhouse, or cottage, which we understood was to be found at the top of the mountain.

When we got in sight of this dwelling, our little guide ran forwards; and we presently saw him talking to a woman who was standing at the door, and who ultimately appeared to be the only living soul left upon the hill. The woman gesticulated, the boy held up his hands, and I once more called out "*Che sia? Dove la donna?*" (Where is the lady!) "*Morta!*" (Dead!) was the reply. "Dead!" we reiterated in amazement.

"Dead!" repeated the woman; "murdered—"

drowned—gone over the falls—by this time you would not find a remnant of her as big as my hand—she must be dashed into a thousand pieces amongst the rocks! When the gentleman ascended the hill," she continued, in answer to our questions, "he drove the children back, and desired them not to follow him; and when they reached this place, he threw money to those who wanted to conduct him, saying he knew the falls as well as they did, and needed no guide. Most of them returned; but two, either from curiosity, or in the hope of getting more sous, followed at a little distance, hiding themselves amongst the trees that border the river. They had not been out of our sight above a quarter of an hour, when the children came running back, all aghast and out of breath, to say that the gentleman had conducted the lady to a spot very near where the river falls over the precipice, and that there they saw him stoop down and look into the water. He then appeared to invite the lady to do the same, and seemed to be showing her something in the stream. The children averred that she appeared unwilling, and that he rather forced her to comply; be that as it may, however, no sooner did she stoop, than, going behind her, he gave her a sudden thrust, and pushed her into the water. She snatched at his breast as she fell, but he tore himself from her grasp, leaving one side of his coat in her hand; and in another instant she was over the edge of the precipice, whirling in the torrent, tossing amongst the rocks—one piercing scream alone was heard to testify that she was conscious of her fearful fate. Ere the children had well finished their tale," the woman added, "the gentleman had himself appeared in the state we saw him." Whether he was so overcome by remorse as to be unable to attempt giving the colour he had intended to the transaction, or whether he saw by the demeanour of the people that it would be useless, remains uncertain; but, whatever his motive might be, he merely glanced at them as he passed, clasped his hands as if in great agony, and then hurried down the mountain at the pace we met him, followed by all the inhabitants. There, then, was my romance, even to the dire catastrophe, completed already!

It may be imagined with what strange and awestruck feelings we proceeded to view the falls. The river that flows across the top of the hill is called the Velim. On each side there are trees—I think the willow and the ash—which drop over its margin, and cast a deep shade on the water. We walked along the bank till we approached the torrent; and within a few yards of the precipice we thought we could discover the very spot where the catastrophe had happened. The soil on the edge of the bank had evidently been newly disturbed; the grass, too, was impressed and trodden—we concluded, by the count's feet in the moment of the struggle. There was something white on the ground; we picked it up; it was a little scopol of very fine blond—a morsel of the veil I had admired! We were dumb with horror, for everything was as vividly present to our imagination, that we felt as if we had actually witnessed the murder.

Our anxiety to learn what was going on below rather precipitated our movements; so we descended the hill, and getting into our carriage, drove round to the bottom of the falls, to take the other view of them. A river, called the Nera, flows round the foot of the mountain, into which the cascade tumbles; and as the clouds of white spray, tinged here and there with many a gorgeous hue, tossed in graceful wreaths before us, we more than once fancied that we caught shadowy glimpses of the veil, the drapery, or the pink bonnet of the poor victim. But these were the mere tricks of imagination. All must have been whirled away by the torrent, and carried far from the spot before we reached it.

When we arrived at the inn and eagerly inquired for the count, "He is there," replied the waiter, pointing to the heavy-looking building on the opposite side of the way—"there, in the jail." "And what will they do to him?" said I. The man shrugged his shoulders—"E nobile (He is a noble); most likely nothing."

On the following morning we proceeded on our way to Rome, but not without making arrangements for the satisfaction of our curiosity as to the causes which had led to this melancholy catastrophe. What follows is the substance of what we heard.

The late Count Z— had two sons, Giovanni and Alessandro. The family was both noble and ancient, but, owing to a variety of circumstances, the patrimonial estates, which had once been large, had been gradually reduced, till there was scarcely enough left to educate the two young men and support them in the *dolce far niente* that became their birth and station. In this strait, the old count looked about for an alliance that might patch up their tattered fortunes; and it was not long before he found what he wanted, in the family of a Count Boboli. Boboli had been an adventurer; in short, no one knew very well what he had been, for his early history was a secret. All that was known was, that he had appeared in Rome at the time of the French occupation, and that he had found some means or other of recommending himself to Napoleon, to whom he owed his patent of nobility. He had also found the means of accumulating immense wealth, the whole of which was designed for his beautiful daughter and only child, Carlotta. The count of a hundred ancestors found no difficulty in obtaining

the acquaintance of the new-made noble; and as each could bestow what the other wanted, they very soon understood each other, and a compact was formed between them well calculated to satisfy the ambition of both. It was agreed that the beautiful Carlotta should become the wife of the count's eldest son, and, in exchange for the noble name of Z—, should carry with her the whole of her father's immense fortune. The wedding was appointed to take place the day after Giovanni came of age, of which period he wanted six months; and this interval it was that was the cause of all the woe. Giovanni no sooner saw his intended bride than he became desperately in love with her; never was wealth purchased at a less sacrifice; he felt he would rather a thousand times resign every ducat of the fortune than resign the lady. He devoted the whole of his time to attending her pleasures and following her footsteps; and the consequence was, that Alessandro, the younger brother, to whom he was much attached, and who was generally by his side, was thrown much into her company. It seemed to have been universally admitted that Alessandro was the handsomest man of the two; some said, also, that he was the most agreeable, but on this point the world appears to have differed. Unfortunately, the mind of the beautiful Carlotta entertained no doubts on the subject; she resigned her affections, heart and soul, to Alessandro. Relying on her influence over her father, when she found that she could not fulfil the engagement he had made for her without disgust, she threw herself at his feet, and implored him either to bestow her hand on the younger brother, or to break the compact altogether, and permit her to go into a convent. Neither proposal, however, accorded with the old man's ambition; and the only effect her entreaties had, was, that he adopted means to keep the object of her attachment out of her way, trusting that, when she no longer saw him by his brother's side, she would cease to make comparisons disadvantageous to her intended, and would be resigned, if not happy, to become the wife of Giovanni.

But Carlotta was a woman of sterner stuff than her father had reckoned upon. Absence had no effect upon her passion; opposition rather increased than diminished it; and, at length, a few days before that appointed for the wedding, she took an opportunity of disclosing the truth to her unhappy lover, and entreated him, by the love he bore her, to resign her hand himself, and to use all his influence to procure that she should be married to his brother. The poor young man, desperately in love as he was, could at first scarcely believe his misfortune—so near the consummation of his dearest hopes—within three days of the longed-for happiness—and the cup was dashed from his lips! As soon, however, as he had sufficiently collected his senses to speak, he told her that, from the moment he had first seen her, he had only lived to make her happy; and that he had looked forward to spending his days in that, to him, most blessed vocation; but that, since he found that this was a felicity not designed for him, he had nothing more to do with life. Finally, he promised that she should be obeyed, and should become the wife of his brother. He then went home, and, after writing a letter to Alessandro, detailing what had led to the catastrophe, he stabbed himself to the heart.

The younger brother had now become the elder-heir to the title, and the legitimate claimant of the lady's hand and fortune. But, alas! he was no more disposed to marry Carlotta than she had been to marry Giovanni. Old Boboli, by way of separating him from his daughter, had contrived to get him sent to Paris; and, by his interest there, had managed to place him in some situation about the court, where the young man soon found his heart assailed by the charms of the fair Mademoiselle Coralie de la Rivière, who showed herself not insensible to his admiration, and whom he loved with all the intensity that belonged to his nation and to his peculiarly ardent character.

His brother's letter, therefore, was a *coup de foudre*; the fortune had no charms for him without Coralie; and, besides, with that instinct that sometimes seems to guide our loves and our hates, from the very first interview he had with Carlotta, he had taken an aversion to her. However, he obeyed his father's summons to return immediately to the Abruzzi, where stood, frowning amongst the mountains, the old castle of Z—, but with a firm determination to refuse the hand of Carlotta, in spite of every means that should be used to influence him. But when people make these resolutions they should take care to keep themselves out of the reach of every body whose interest it is to induce them to break them. We are all apt to think resolutions much less brittle things than they are, till they have been tried in the furnace. Although Alessandro from the first had boldly declared that nothing should ever persuade him to marry a woman whom he had always hated, and whom he now hated infinitely more, since she had been the cause of his brother's cruel death, his father's pertinacity did not give way one inch. While his aversion by no means diminished, his resolutions gradually gave way before the old man's firmness on the one hand, tears and entreaties on the other, and his own horror at the idea of his ancient house and all its ancestral honours sinking into utter penury and hopeless obscurity, when it was in his power, by marrying the heiress, to restore it to all its original splendour.

* Thunderbolt.

Whether, at this time, any fore-falling shadow of the future had passed before his eyes—whether the idea that he might wed Carlotta, secure the fortune, and then find means to be again a free man, had ever presented itself to his mind—whether he had allowed it to dwell there—whether he had given it welcome—hugged it, cherished it, resolved on it—can now never be known; but, certain it is, that he suddenly changed his mind, avowed himself prepared to obey his father's commands, and ready to lead the daughter of Boboli to the altar. The period for the wedding was then fixed; but he declared his determination of spending the interval at Paris, where he said the duties of his office called him.

When the time arrived that he should have returned, he wrote an excuse, alleging that he was still detained by business; and this he continued to do, week after week, till the period appointed for the wedding was close at hand. At length, on the evening before that fixed for the ceremony, he reached home. He had travelled, he said, with the greatest speed, having only been able to obtain a certain number of days' leave; and added, that the very moment the marriage was solemnised, the bride must be prepared to step into his travelling carriage, and accompany him back to Paris. Carlotta, who, with her father and other members of both families, was waiting for him at the Castle Z—, made no objection to this arrangement. She must have been aware that he did not marry her from choice; but the amount of his aversion, or that he had another attachment, she did not appear to have suspected. She probably imagined that the wealth and importance he was attaining by her means, and the compliment she had paid him by her decided preference, were sufficient to expiate the wrong she had done his brother; and trusted to her beauty and her love to accomplish the rest.

The evening was passed in the society assembled at the castle; and it was afterwards remembered that, after the first salutation, he had never been seen to address her. On the following morning there was a great deal of business to be transacted, many arrangements to be made, and he was fully occupied till night; when, at the hour appointed, he and his friends entered the chapel at one door, whilst the bride and her party advanced by the other. The ceremony was performed—Carlotta was his wedded wife—after which, the whole party withdrew to the saloon and supped; and then, ere the repast was well over, Alessandro's servant having announced that the carriage was at the door, the bride and bridegroom bade farewell to their friends and relatives, and departed on their way to Paris.

"You'll reach Terni to breakfast," said Boboli, as he conducted his daughter through the hall.

"Yes—to a late breakfast," replied Alessandro.

"Let us hear of you from thence," said Boboli.

"You shall hear of us from Terni," replied Alessandro.

"Adieu! my dear father!" cried Carlotta, waving her handkerchief from the window.

"Adieu, my child! adieu! May the Virgin protect you!" cried Boboli, as he turned and re-entered the castle.

Many of the party asserted afterwards that she had appeared agitated and uneasy during the supper; and some declared that they had observed her watching her young husband's countenance with an eye of terror and perplexity. Her maid, too, affirmed that she was quite certain her lady's heart had failed, and that she had some misgivings that evil awaited her. "When I gave my lady her shawl and bonnet," she said, "she shook like an olive leaf; and when I asked her if any thing was wrong, all she said was—*Madre di Dio, pietà! pietà!*" (Mother of God, have pity on me!)

They travelled all night—at least all the remainder of the night, for it was past midnight when they started—only stopping to change horses, and had arrived at Terni to a late breakfast, as Boboli had predicted. Whilst the breakfast was preparing, the young countess changed her dress; and the maid asserted that she here again betrayed considerable agitation, and that she heard her say to herself, "*Ahi! mio padre! ah! Giovanni!*" (Alas! my father! alas! my Giovanni!) The waiter and the host who had attended them, remarked that she ate nothing, swallowing only a little wine; and that the count himself appeared to have equally little appetite. No conversation passed between them, till, suddenly, her husband asked her if she was ready. She started at the sound of his voice, as if it were something unusual to her; but immediately rose from her seat, and said yes. "Come, then," he said, and giving her his arm, he conducted her down stairs. The horses for the falls had been ordered by the servant immediately on their arrival, and were now waiting at the door; and it was at the precise period our story has now reached, that we had looked out of the window, and saw them enter the carriage and drive away.

"What did he say to you," I inquired of the host, "when he turned to speak to you on the steps?"

"He desired me to have horses ready for Spoletto, as they should start the moment they returned from the falls."

"Your waiter says he will escape because he is noble—is that so?"

"E possible," (It is possible) replied the host, shrugging his shoulders.

But he did not escape: the young Count Alessandro Z— was condemned and executed; partly, however, through the strong interest that Boboli made against

him. Nothing more of the mystery was ever disclosed, except to his confessor. "He died, and made no sign."

JOTTINGS TAKEN IN BRITTANY.

THE RANCE—DINANT—GENERAL REMARKS ON BRITTANY.

THE last paper under the above general title described St Malo and St Servan, and made some remarks respecting the English settled in those Breton towns. The author proceeds, in his narrative, to describe the Rance or Dinant river, which joins the sea at St Malo, and along which he made a boat trip with some English friends.

"The Rance is navigable as far as Dinant, a town distant seven leagues. I made the voyage thither in one of the many boats which daily run up and down with the tide, and was so fortunate as to make one of a very agreeable English party associated for a pleasure excursion. The Rance, properly speaking, is a long narrow arm of the sea that pierces deep into the interior of the country; and owing to the immense variation in the level of the tides on this coast, it presents throughout its course a prodigious current. At St Malo, spring tides commonly attain an elevation of forty-two feet; in the bay of Cancale they rise three feet higher. On the coast of Jersey the altitude is equally great, and the velocity of the currents in every part of the vast bay of Mont St Michel is consequently almost unparalleled. The trough of the Rance fills and empties with indescribable rapidity. The stream shoots onward like an arrow, wheeling and leaping round the various promontories and rocks with the impetuosity of a chafed torrent. At certain places it displays the smoothness and visible declension of a cataract, and the united propulsion of sails and oars is insufficient to enable a boat to stem it. On one occasion, when the ramblers had delayed their return till the tide had set full against them, we tried in vain with double banked oars to make the tower of the Solidor, and had at last to remain an hour or two under the lee of a rock till the current slackened. These characteristics render the Rance at once an interesting and majestic river, without taking into account the beautiful scenery of the shores. It would afford agreeable employment to an adept in philosophy and science to institute an inquiry into the formation of this immense natural duct, which receives no river of magnitude sufficient to have scooped it out. Are we to regard it as the work of the impetuous tides of ocean, or as the memorial of some remote and mighty convulsion of nature?"

The river is confined between lofty precipitous banks nearly the whole way to Dinant, and may vary in breadth from a quarter to half a mile. Insulated rocks, on which nothing save lichens and *fuci* vegetate, sometimes obstruct the channel; ruins crown the eminences, and the shores of the numerous sunny bays are enlivened by hamlets and chateaux embowered in groves. Some of the rocks have their legends. One opposite to a solitary mansion on the bench was pointed out to me as the scene of a horrid murder perpetrated in times not so very remote. A band of smugglers had concealed some contraband goods on the islet, and these falling by accident into the hands of the custom-house officers, the smugglers suspected the inhabitants of the neighbouring house of having betrayed them, and in revenge barbarously murdered seven innocent people in one night. St Sulpice is the prettiest village on the river. Some of the bays are so deep that a stranger is apt to mistake them for the main channel. A fleet of boats, each with a white sail set, and all following in beautiful succession, pursued us the whole way to Dinant. This pigmy flotilla daily carries fuel, principally charcoal, from the interior to St Malo, where this essential necessity of life may be purchased cheaper than in most other parts of France. Sometimes the river expanded into long reaches resembling a Scottish lake, and the similitude was increased by the banks being covered with heather—a plant which, though common in every quarter of the globe, always seems to a Scotsman as more peculiarly appropriate to his own country.

Within a league or two of Dinant, the river begins to narrow, but the banks continue precipitous, and the tide shoots onward with undiminished swiftness. Wind and current combined, made our boat outstrip the stream; the water turned muddy, and long serpentine lines of foam proclaimed a rapid decrease in depth. All at once we found ourselves perplexed among rapids and shallows—the boat suddenly grounded in the mid-channel, and two minutes after, the swiftly rising tide whirled us again aloft, and hurled us down a ford with terrific impetuosity. A second accident of the same kind extorted an unanimous vote to make for the shore, and we landed on a meadow on the left bank, resolved to walk the remainder of the distance. Boats settling on these banks, with their broadsides to the stream, run great hazard of being capsized by the fierce gush of the water. An accident of this description had happened the preceding week, when the *dramatis personæ* of an ambulatory theatre received a serious ducking, and lost all their stage paraphernalia.

On the way to Dinant, we stopped at a small retired hamlet, consisting of a church and eight or ten houses, where an English officer, his wife, and two children had taken up their quarters. They very

hospitably detained us to tea; and though their establishment was regulated by the strictest economy, we had no reason to despise their entertainment. They inhabited the best house in the hamlet—a rural, and by no means convenient abode, which, together with a large garden, they rented for eighty francs a-year. The garden, which Mr — kept in great order, produced grapes, figs, pumpkins, cucumbers, and beans, in abundance. He was justly proud of his industry and skill in horticulture, and exhibited a cucumber measuring nineteen inches in length, and a pumpkin weighing forty-two pounds. The Breton peasantry boil the pumpkin into a meagre kind of soup; and in this way they also use cabbage and other common vegetables, but the mess, enriched only with a little butter, is very insipid.

The country here bore a close resemblance to the interior of Jersey. Orchards and small fields, divided by deep paths, and enclosed by huge fences, planted with rows of pollard trees, spread all round. It was impossible to obtain a glimpse beyond the nearest enclosure. The orchards were planted chiefly with the cider apple, which is disagreeably astringent to the palate; and under the trees were luxuriant crops of clover, vetches, and potatoes. The potato is by no means so highly prized in Brittany as in England, and the evil report of the returned prisoners of war, who were partly fed upon it during their captivity, has contributed to prostrate its introduction into general use. In some of the more miserable cottages I observed the poverty-stricken inmates, dirty and ragged as the lowest bog-trotters in Ireland, huddled round a board covered with this prolific root; but such families as make it a common article of food are usually in a state of extreme indigence. The better race of peasantry prefer cabbage soup (*soupe aux choux*) and porridge made of the flour of buckwheat.

The smallness of the fields, and the unnecessary waste of surface in paths and fences, excite a mean idea of the state of agriculture in Brittany, which is not removed on close investigation. The ridges rarely exceed three or four feet in breadth, and are frequently curved in the obsolete fashion which is yet to be seen in the more uncivilised parts of the Scottish Highlands. Sixty acres are considered a very large farm, and the greater number of tenements do not exceed a tithe of that extent. As in Ireland, the peasantry marry early in life, with very slender prospects; a numerous progeny follow, and are reared to pursue the same path of toil and indigence as their parents. But though the poor Bretons are stamped with the abject features of hereditary villainage—though they are ignorant, filthy in their persons and houses, and poorly fed—they have the virtues of a semi-barbarous race. Sprung from the same stock as the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scottish Highlanders, they maintained their native independence with equal bravery; and when political intrigue united their destinies inseparably with those of France, became as distinguished for loyalty to the throne as they had previously been for hatred to foreign encroachment. But the annexation of the duchy to the crown to which, geographically speaking, nature intended it should be subject, appears to have had a debasing effect on the native population. The old chroniclers tell us that the Bretons were not only a brave and loyal people, but that they had also their poetic legends, and that enthusiastic fondness for local traditionary story which is the inseparable accompaniment of exalted national attachment and progressive civilisation. Now the traveller will inquire in vain among the peasantry for oral evidence that he is in ancient Armorica. If he traverse the mountains of Wales or Scotland, or the bogs of Ireland, he will hear of a hundred kings, and chiefs, and bards, whose renown, no matter whether true or fabulous, has existed more than a thousand years. In Brittany, the peasant has lost sight, as a fettered man invariably does, of his national fables, and a complete prostration of some of his nobler faculties has been the result.

At this hamlet I saw, for the first time, the Breton mode of threshing grain. The threshers, each armed with a rustic flail, were six in number, two of them women; the barn, an open court, was covered with sheets, on which the shocks of corn were strewn. They stood in a narrow circle, and kept up a succession of blows with such admirable regularity, that the sound at a short distance produced an effect like the roll of a drum. The wheat looked black and gritty. The Breton farmers thresh out all their grain immediately after harvest, and stow it away in huge chests, which form an important portion of their household furniture.

Twilight was nearly gone ere we resumed our walk to Dinant, but our progress was facilitated by the beams of a brilliant moon, which quivered in a very romantic manner among the tall columnar elms that skirted our hollow path like interminable colonnades. We had much less difficulty in threading the woodland labyrinths than in navigating the steep filthy streets by which we entered Dinant; for the narrowness of the latter, and the height of the houses, prevented the moon from being of any service, and not so much as a farthing rushlight was displayed for public accommodation in their murky recesses. In the deep darkness that prevailed, our party divided, and straggled to different parts of the town, but ultimately reassembled at the Hotel de France.

Next day was Sunday—in France the busiest day in the week. The market-place was crowded with buyers and sellers, and plentifully supplied with pro-

visions and country produce of every description. Several stalls in the market were covered with dishes of roasted pork, smoking hot, which the owners dexterously cut up into slices for the convenience of the crowds of rustics whom the savoury smell of their cookery had drawn around them. The fowls exposed for sale were denuded of feathers on the back and breast, in order to display their fatness.

Normandy and Brittany are famed for churches; and there are few towns in either which cannot boast of one or more, remarkable for architectural magnificence or internal decoration. A church at Dinant, dedicated to St Servan, is said to have been founded by the English at the period they occupied the duchy in favour of John de Montfort, when that nobleman's title to the dukedom was contested by Charles of Blois, supported by Charles V. and the chivalry of France. Tradition also connects it with the illustrious Breton knight, Bertrand du Guesclin, whose accomplished character as a warrior rendered him renowned even in an age of heroes, and secondary only to our Black Prince, whose victorious career his monarch had commissioned him to dispute. Du Guesclin, after long wielding, with varied success but untarnished honour, the sword of Constable of France—a dignity which the jealous tyrant Louis XI. afterwards declared too great for a subject—died as he had lived, in harness, besieging the small fortress of Châteauneuf de Randon, in Auvergne. He had previously expressed a desire that he might be interred at Dinant, probably in this very church, but his sovereign, grateful for his many good services, willed his remains to be buried in the abbey of St Denis, near Paris, the church destined to be the sepulchre of the kings of France. The splendid monument erected to his memory was in danger of being involved in the general destruction with which all ancient mausolea were threatened at the revolution; but it happily escaped, and was afterwards removed to the museum of French monuments at Paris.

Du Guesclin, though the pink of knighthood in his day, was very plain in his person, and so illiterate as to be unable to write. This was no wise discreditable in an age when letters were left to monks as ignoble drudgery, and warriors subscribed documents with the impress of their gauntlets. A brief anecdote of the doughty constable may not be altogether misplaced in a page descriptive of a country ennobled by his deeds. The old English chroniclers state, that when Du Guesclin was taken prisoner by the Black Prince in Spain, Edward, touched by his generous character, and afraid lest the world would impeach his generosity and courage if he detained him in captivity, desired the imprisoned knight to name his own ransom. Instead of naming a small sum equivalent to his estate, he proudly offered sixty thousand florins. The prince, amazed at the magnitude of the sum, inquired how he purposed to raise it. "The Kings of France and Castile," replied Du Guesclin, "are my friends, and will not fail me in a case of necessity. I know, besides, a hundred knights of Brittany who would sell their possessions for my liberation; and there is not a woman sitting at her distaff in France who would not labour with her hands to redeem me from yours."

Dinant is an irregular ill-built town, and may contain between six and seven thousand inhabitants. It stands on a steep eminence, the base of which is laved by the Rance, here dwindled to a mere canal, scarcely deep enough to float the lightest bateaux at high water. The fortifications are of great antiquity, and tradition ascribes their erection to the English, in the reign of Edward III. Dinant, however, if we may credit the celebrated Bayeux tapestry, was a fortified town many years anterior to that epoch, for the ancient historical relic referred to specially names it as one of the places taken by Duke William in the war he waged with Conan, Earl of Bretagne. In his inroad into Brittany, of which no record save the tapestry is extant, William was accompanied by Harold the Saxon, whom he subsequently defeated and slew at Hastings. They took Del, from which the Earl of Bretagne clandestinely escaped; and at the surrender of Dinant, Conan was compelled to acknowledge his subjugation by personally yielding up the keys.* The walls, though now falling into ruin, are of prodigious strength. The bastions and gateways are in fact piles of masonry, which time has assailed in vain; but the fosse has long ago been converted into orchards and gardens, the curtains are covered with ivy, and the glacis transformed into a delightful promenade, shaded by rows of majestic trees, whose free and balmy atmosphere it is luxury to inhale after escaping from the narrow streets and noxious odours of the town. The country around is rugged and highly romantic. Eminences, some of them clothed with trees, others shattered into precipices, and skirted with steep tortuous footpaths, rise on all sides; here and there a hoary ruin appears, perched on the verge of a cliff; and, in the dales below, the eye embraces at a glance all the happier features of pastoral life.

* The date of the Bayeux tapestry has given rise to many disputes among the learned. Some persons consider it of a later period than the Conquest, but tradition gives to Matilda, the wife of William, the merit of having executed this very interesting memorial of her husband's greatest victory. * * * When Napoleon projected the invasion of England, he caused this memorial of his early conquest to be brought to Paris and exhibited to the people.—*Stothard's Letters*.

Dinant is at present celebrated for a mineral spring in the vicinity, much frequented by valetudinarians, who come from very distant quarters on the faith of its medicinal reputation. The spring is about half a league from the town, in a deep rocky dell, planted with tall elms, beneath whose shade the visitors sit or promenade, as they incline. A mean rustic saloon accommodates such parties as choose to pass the morning in dancing, and I was told that it often presented a very merry assemblage; but at this time the valley was silent and deserted, and the general aspect of the establishment indicated that the fashionable season had terminated. The water was disgustingly impure and fetid, and strongly impregnated with mineral particles. On our way back to Dinant, we passed through a deep ravine, in which stood a noble specimen of an ancient chateau. It was occupied by an English family of the name of Surtees, and presented a grand clustering of towers, and cones of blue slate. It was encompassed by orchards and fields of *bled noir*. The crop of cider apples in the former was immense; the branches were literally bent to the earth with the abundant fruit. This was a cause of general gratulation among the poor Bretons, to whom cider is an absolute necessary of life. The cider they manufacture, however, is greatly inferior to that of England or Jersey, being sour and watery; at the same time, as the two summers immediately preceding had been unfavourable for fruit, it is probable that I drew the comparison at an unlucky moment. To produce a grateful beverage, great circumspection requires to be observed in picking and preparing the apples; and from the filthy and indolent habits of the Bretons, I am inclined to suspect that they are not over attentive to these essential preliminaries.

LIFE AND REMAINS OF JOHN BETHUNE.

JOHN and Alexander Bethune were two young labourers, of the county of Fife, who have already become partially known to the public. The former died in 1839 of consumption, and a small volume, consisting of a memoir and selections from his poems, was published in the ensuing year by his brother,* and has recently been reprinted. This volume is one of great interest, and will probably continue to be more or less a favourite with the public. Both the deceased and the surviving brother were remarkable men, possessing not only uncommon natural talents and taste, but moral sentiments of the most elevated kind. The heroic fortitude and self-devotion of an ancient Grecian resided beneath the thatch roof of a cottage on Tay side.

John and Alexander Bethune were the children of a farm-servant residing at the Mount, a place famous as the patrimony of Sir David Lyndsay, a well-known Scottish poet and courtier of the sixteenth century. They grew up in a small cot at Lochend, near the Lake of Lindores, in the northern district of Fifeshire. John only attended school for one day, and received, therefore, no education of the ordinary kind, besides a few lessons in reading and writing from his mother and brother. He was employed in early boyhood to tend cows, and at twelve years of age performed a man's work in breaking stones by the way-side, despising the fatigue, cold, and other hardships, from a spirited wish to be no burden to his parents, then in more than usual poverty. Soon after, he commenced a short apprenticeship to a country weaver, and, on its expiration, when as yet only in his fourteenth year, he began to work at a loom of his own, with good hopes of succouring his unfortunate parents; but the extensive failures of the ensuing year marred the project, and sent him back to labouring work. Here exposures of various kinds laid the foundation of the ailments which ultimately brought down a robust and stately frame.

From childhood fond of general reading, he was in 1825 inspired with a taste for poetry, in consequence of coming into contact with a young student from St Andrews, who could recite the best pieces of our modern bards. John Bethune thus became himself a versifier at the age of fourteen. A severe accident which befell Alexander from a quarry explosion, laid John under the necessity of additional exertions, and still the family was struggling with extreme penury. He was now, at eighteen, a pale tall youth, "with a thoughtful expression, according ill with his years." The poems which he composed about this time are written upon "such scraps of paper as came to the house with grocery wares." But literary pursuits never for a moment slackened his exertions as a workman. He wrought hard, even when suffering from severe and weakening maladies; and at one time, over and above his own work, gratuitously arranged the gardens of five widows—widow being with him a sacred word. Being unable from his ailments to continue

longer in bed than five hours, he rose in general about three in summer, and at a little past four in winter. These long and solitary mornings he spent, for the most part, beside a fire which he had himself kindled; and when his brother rose, he usually found him employed in reading or writing. The apprehension of an early dissolution had already given him a pious turn, though he was remarkably unobtrusive with his religious feelings. His practice as a man was regulated by the maxim, to do to others as you would have others do to you. "So far was he from ever trying to overreach others, or to enrich himself at their expense, if any one did a trifling job for him, he always wished them to have something more than common rewards; and, though shy in accepting favours, if any one conferred a favour either on himself or the family, he could seldom rest satisfied till he had seen it amply repaid." * * "As an evidence of his industry, and a proof that his 'miserable earnings,' as he termed them, were not squandered upon idle indulgences, it may also be mentioned, that from them, previous to November 1832, about £14 had been again saved. In the spring of 1830, the reader will recollect that he was rather in debt; little more than two years had passed since then; and when it is known that his earnings seldom exceeded £19 in any year—that, besides himself, he had at least one of his parents to support—that he was in the habit of giving considerable sums in charity, and, perhaps, still more for books—some idea of his personal expenditure may be formed. This could not possibly exceed £7 per annum—food, clothing, and every thing included."

It was while living in these lowly circumstances that John Bethune, in 1835, made serious attempts to compose in prose for a popular magazine. His first effort was not accepted by the editor; but he nevertheless persevered, and meanwhile his brother Alexander contributed one or two papers to the present Journal, for which he obtained such a remuneration as served to keep up the hopes of both. Not long after, a benevolent printer in Edinburgh undertook to publish a small volume of tales by Alexander, in which were included a few by John, and the work attracted some respectful attention. One year of the superior situation of a forester, with a salary of £26, was also regarded by the latter as a piece of sunshine on a path generally dark. The following account of a new literary scheme, which occurred to the subject of this notice at the close of 1836, appears to us as particularly interesting. We must keep in mind that the persons engaged were two poor young men struggling for daily bread as labourers, and residing in a small cottage also occupied by an infirm father and mother.

"He had one evening taken up a newspaper, in which a series of lectures on political economy, about to be delivered in one of the provincial towns, was advertised. The subject attracted his attention, and, after laying down the paper, and pondering over it for a few minutes, 'Do you see,' he said, 'I think I have now hit upon a most important subject, which, hitherto, no writer appears to have taken up.' He then proceeded to explain his meaning, by saying that 'it was neither political economy, nor rural economy, nor domestic economy, to which he alluded, but that sort of economy which we had ourselves practised, and which, if it were adopted by others, might enable a greater number of people to live independently on their own earnings, than had as yet thought of doing so.' This was the first hint of Lectures on Practical Economy, and it formed the subject of conversation for two or three succeeding evenings. It was considered that we had ourselves frequently attempted to relieve beggars and others who were in distress, to the very uttermost of our limited abilities, without producing any palpable effect; and if we could succeed in teaching only a few how to avoid bringing themselves into embarrassed and dependent circumstances, that it would be even more patriotic than trying to relieve them after they had become the victims of poverty and misery. The thing, moreover, might be rendered subservient to our own interest; we might deliver a series of lectures upon this subject in the whole of the towns and villages around, selling admission tickets like other lecturers; and, when the thing had acquired popularity in this way, sell the copyright to a publisher. Such was the picture which presented itself to his glowing imagination; and such, it may be added, are the day-dreams with which mortals too often deceive themselves!

To point out, in a few commonplace observations, the propriety of saving a little money when unencumbered with a family, and the comfort and ease of mind which such an acquisition might be expected to confer, together with the most likely means for obtaining it, would have been an easy task. But then to convince multitudes that the prosperity of the country, as well as the comfort of individuals, depended in a great measure upon every one producing or saving something, over and above what he consumed, was a different matter. At this he aimed, and for this purpose he saw that a number of popular errors would require to be exposed, and some first principles unfolded and explained in such a manner

as to make them easily understood. Of these, both writers had a sort of glimmering idea of their own, but they were not, as yet, so fully master of them as to be able to lay them clearly before others. To their dismay, they found that neither themselves nor their few acquaintances had any books to which they could refer for information. They were not, however, to be deterred from what vanity prompted them to consider a useful undertaking, by difficulties; and with no other guide than an article on 'Accumulation' in the Penny Cyclopædia, they commenced their task. Thus they had to grope their way at almost every step, like the inventor of an art, and, with all their care, frequently got into errors, which had to be corrected afterwards. To those who are curious in literary matters, it may not perhaps be uninteresting to know, that these lectures were at first written upon brown paper bags ripped open, shreds of paper which had come to the house with tea, sugar, tobacco, &c.—in short, every thing which would carry ink; while the writers had no better writing-desk than their knees. The whole of the writing, too, was performed with two quills, which were more than half cut down before they were applied to that purpose.

A correct copy, upon good paper, and in a fair and readable hand, was the next thing required; and when this had been finished, which was not till March 1837, the greatest difficulty of all remained to be surmounted. The labour of committing to memory was soon found to be intolerable; and to individuals bred in the seclusion of a remote cottage, it may easily be supposed that the idea of coming forward to address a promiscuous audience, would be in itself sufficiently tormenting. As the time drew near at which the attempt must be made, the difficulties attending it appeared altogether insurmountable, and, though it was done with reluctance, all thoughts of becoming public teachers were at last given up."

These lectures were nevertheless published as a book, and an excellent book it is, and worthy of universal diffusion among the working classes, although, from various circumstances, it has as yet been circulated to a very small extent.

The next doing of these humble heroes was of a different nature. They resolved to build a house, in which their declining parents might be sure of shelter for the remainder of their days. "Having fixed upon the site, and settled as to the fee-duty to be paid for the ground, our next business was to provide as many stones as we thought would be required. This being accomplished, on the 26th of July 1837, with the aid of one mason whom we had engaged to work along with us, we laid the foundation of our future dwelling; and had it been known to the world that we proposed to finish a house thirty-six feet in length, and twenty in breadth, without asking or taking any assistance except such as we could pay for at the ordinary rate, and with no more wealth than two bolls of oatmeal to serve as summer provision, the thews and sinews of two human beings, and about £30 in money, reflecting individuals would have probably pronounced us fit for Bedlam; yet such was the case. In less than a week, the mason was called away to another job, but we still persevered. The drudgery which the poor author of the following poems now underwent, was such that few, perhaps, would have cared for encountering it. He left home every morning before five o'clock, travelled three miles, commenced work immediately, and wrought till nearly half-past seven in the evening, with no more rest than was absolutely necessary to swallow his breakfast and dinner. The last of these, indeed, which consisted exclusively of bread, he frequently ate from his pocket, working the whole of the time. He had then to travel three miles back to his home; and after having been thus engaged in hard labour and travelling for nearly fifteen hours, it may be believed that he was sufficiently tired before he reached it; yet day after day the same process was repeated, except during those short intervals when the mason wrought along with him, and then he dropped work at the usual time. Had it not been for a vision of the future which was now before him, it is probable that even he might have shrunk from this dreary task; but, in imagination, he already saw the house finished, the garden enclosed, with the crops put into the ground, and his father, now venerable from age, walking through it on a fine summer day, or, if he wished for exercise, employed with a hoe in the little enclosure which he would then be able to call his own. With such illusions—for, as Providence had decreed, they deserved no other name—we used to cheer our journey homeward; and to his warm heart they would have been a sufficient inducement to encounter still greater difficulties than those with which he had to contend. More stones having been provided than were necessary, the house was raised to two storeys. On the 9th of September, the walls were finished; and before the 30th of the same month, the roof was on, an earthen floor laid, the lower flat plastered, part of the partitions built, and doors and windows provided, with very little assistance from tradesmen. With the exception of the carriage of three cart-loads of lime, every thing had been paid ready money. But by this time the last farthing of the £30 was expended, the stock of provisions was completely exhausted, and the author of the following pages was glad to engage in such work as he could find, to procure the necessities of life for himself and friends, and provide a little money to defray the expense of removing, which had now become inevitable.

On the 9th of November 1837, he came to that habitation, at the building of which he had toiled so arduously; and when he heard his father say, 'Dear me, John, man, I am perfectly surprised to see that great house you have reared up for us,' it is probable that he considered himself overpaid for all his labours. From the account just given, the reader will be able to form some idea of his ingenuity in general matters. Whenever any thing had become indispensable, he never wasted time in questions as to who could be got to perform it, but set himself to work immediately. If he had seen a thing once done, he could in general do it over again, if he chose to exert himself; and, in an emergency, I have frequently seen him finish a job with tools so bad that scarcely any one else would have thought of beginning to it before they had procured a better supply."

Some experiences of the proud man's contumely had given a slight sourness to the feelings of John Bethune, but this served to edify a spirit of independence which was natural to his energetic character. In January 1838, while penniless, and living on bare oatmeal and potatoes, he declined the offer of a gentleman to seek a government situation for him. His brother adds, in a similar tone of mind—"By the plan which he adopted, he was enabled to owe no man any thing save love; and, in general, had something to spare from his scanty earnings to relieve the wants of those who were still poorer than himself."

From this time his health rapidly declined, and in September 1839, John Bethune resigned the breath of life, in a state of mind as nearly approaching heavenly as may be. Alexander gives a long and most deeply touching account of his latter days, but we have not room to enter upon it. He sums up all, when, in the course of an attempt to draw his character, he says—"If he had some minor faults—and who is without them!—they must have been known to others: to the little family of which he was a member, his character appeared almost without a flaw."

The poems which form the Remains of this amiable person are generally of a pensive cast. They are smooth in versification, in some parts vigorous and poetical, and every where full of fine feeling. In the last page of the present sheet we give a specimen significant of the domestic affections of the poet.

MR KENNEDY'S WORK ON TEXAS.

OUR opinion of this book has been already recorded; but in the former paper we were able to present only two or three brief extracts, scarcely sufficient, we apprehend, to convey a notion of the various matters embraced by Mr Kennedy. We now endeavour to supply this deficiency.

THE BUFFALO HERDS OF TEXAS.

All the wild animals common to the Western States, and some peculiar to Mexico, are found in Texas. The bison or buffalo, which deserted the prairies of the western country as population encroached upon its range of pasturage, and which, owing to the same cause, has retreated from many of its accustomed haunts in Texas, is still to be met with in the mountainous district between the Guadalupe and the Rio Grande. The scent of the buffalo is so acute, that it can only be approached from the leeward side: it is timid until wounded, when it becomes wildly impetuous, and repeats its attacks until it falls. Being both active and powerful, the charge of an old bull is very formidable. The horns, thick at the base, short and sharp-pointed, are hard and black, and highly prized for cups and other purposes. The buffalo, when young, may be domesticated without much difficulty. Its flesh, when the animal is in good condition, is excellent, and the hump, the taste of which has been compared to marrow, is considered a delicacy by the hunters. Buffalo hides are covered with an exceedingly thick hair, approaching to the character of wool, and bring good prices in Canada and the Northern States, where they are used as wrappers in winter travelling, especially in the sledges or sleighs. They are also valuable in Spanish America, where they are used as a sort of bed or carpet. Buffaloes are seldom seen near the sea-coast, but descend in large herds from Arkansas, Missouri, and the uninhabited tract between the head waters of the Red River and Santa Fé. Their flesh supplies the principal sustenance of the Comanches and other Indian tribes. In a late campaign against the Cherokees and Comanches, General Burleson, the commander of the Texan troops, scoured the Indian country for a considerable distance, and on his return drove before his army all the large herds of buffaloes in that direction, until not much less than 25,000 head were found feeding within the settlements of Texas. When upon this service, General Burleson traversed a large extent of country, from the borders of the Trinity on the east to the neighbourhood of the branches of the Rio Grande on the west.

The buffalo is migratory, and during the summer journeys towards the north, over the plains that lie between the head waters of the Red River, the Arkansas, the Missouri, and the Rio Grande. In the winter, the snow compels the herds to turn, in search of pasturage, towards the mild regions of the south. Captain Bonneville, in his Adventures beyond the Rocky Mountains, gives the following picturesque description of the migrations of this animal:—

"They now came to a region abounding in buffalo—that ever-journeing animal, which moves in countless droves from point to point of the vast wilderness; traversing plains, pouring through the intricate defiles of mountains, swimming rivers—ever on the move; guided in its boundless migrations by some traditional knowledge, like the finny tribes of the ocean, which, at certain seasons, find their mysterious paths across the deep, and revisit the remotest shores.

These great migratory herds of the buffalo have their hereditary paths and byways, worn deep through the country, and making for the surest passes of the mountains and the most practicable fords of rivers. When once a great column is in full career, it goes straight forward, regardless of obstacles—those in front being impelled by the moving mass behind. At such times they will break through a camp, trampling down every thing in their course.

It was the lot of the voyagers, one night, to encamp at one of these buffalo landing-places, and exactly in the trail. They had not been long asleep, when they were awakened by a great bellowing and trampling, and the rush, and splash, and smothering of animals in the river. * * * It was a singular spectacle, by the uncertain moonlight, to behold this countless throng making their way across the river, blowing, and bellowing, and splashing. Sometimes they pass in such dense and continuous column as to form a temporary dam across the river, the waters of which rise and rush over their backs or between their squadrons. The roaring and rushing sounds of one of these vast herds crossing a river, may sometimes, on a still night, be heard for many miles."

THE FRONTIER MAN.

That portion of the monied aristocracy of Europe, who, in sumptuous drawing-rooms and spacious halls, indulge in the luxury of ostentatious sympathy for all races but their own, do not appreciate the character and situation of the Anglo-American, who has made his home in solitudes unbroken by any human sound, save the whoop of an invisible foe. Accustomed to hear him denounced as a man-slayer and a land-robbler, they take no thought of the spirit which has impelled him onward, the qualities he is constrained to display, and the social ameliorations of which he is the pioneer. He loves the wilderness for the independence it confers—for the sovereignty which it enables him to wield by dint of his personal energies. The forest is subject to his axe—its inhabitants to his rifle. Had the same man drawn his first breath in the land of his forefathers, he might have been a stunted and starving hand-loom weaver, or at the best a labourer, faring sumptuously, with a wife and six children, on an uncertain weekly stipend of eight British shillings. In the grand old woods, where rises the smoke of his log-house, he is lord of an untrammelled mind and iron frame. The roof that shelters his little ones is the work of his own hands; the venison that smokes upon the board, and the deer-skin that furnishes his hunting-gear, are the spoil of his practised eye and untiring step. Alone he ventures on the Indian's hunting-ground, and, in defiance of the law of the red man, bears away a share of the prey. Perhaps the chase absorbs too much of his time—perhaps he falls a victim to the jealousy of the savage—still his career has not been in vain; he has made a lodgment in the waste, he has opened a track for the vanguard of civilisation, the ranks of which will expand for the reception of his posterity. In a few years, where the short, sharp crack of the out-settler's rifle startled the silence of the pine-forest, the voice of Christian worship is heard in the language of Old England; institutions kindred to our own predominate; industry, in its varied branches, prospers; and a fresh accession is made to the extending empire of morality and knowledge.

The American frontier-man may be said to exist in a state of continual warfare; he experiences the toils of active service in clearing and cultivating his ground, its anxieties in guarding against a treacherous enemy, and its perils in encountering that enemy and the beast of prey. Confident in what he dare do and can endure, with all the feelings of his nature roused to vengeance by some sanguinary Indian outrage, he sallies forth in pursuit of the exulting savage. Following unweariedly on his trail, he traverses the prairies, swimming the streams, noting every impression on grass, sand, twig, and tuft, reckless of fatigue, hunger, and cold, until he overtakes the remorseless foe, whom, at great numerical disadvantage, he is almost certain to defeat. To men of this class, a campaign is a party of pleasure, and they require only the exercise and discipline of the regular soldier to make the best troops in the world. Mounted on a favourite horse, armed with the trusty rifle, and accompanied by their dogs, they can explore their way through the woods by the sun and the bark of the trees. Clad in their usual homely dress, an otter skin cunningly folded and sewed is the depository of tobacco, ammunition, and means for kindling a fire; a wallet, slung behind the saddle, contains sustenance for man and horse. On the march, a small daily allowance of maize suffices the latter, which, at the evening encampment, is stripped of his furniture and "hobbled" (two of his legs fastened together), and thus left to indulge his appetite on the abundant herbage. It is of such materials that the active militia of Texas and the south-western states of the Union is composed.

CHANGE OF FORM PRODUCED BY EMIGRATION.

In travelling through the United States, I was continually struck by the changes which, in the course of a generation or two, had been effected in the various European races by transplantation to a land where labour is respected and comparatively independent. In Baltimore, especially, where there has been a considerable immigration of poor Catholic Irish, I was frequently amused by a specimen of the Hiberno-American—the offspring of some laborious exile of Erin—in the state of transition, and wavering, as it were, between his insular descent and his continental nativity. The broad, low comedy features, and hard scrubby undergrowth of the original ill-fed and hard-worked importation, had become grave, elongated, and erect; and in another generation the Celtic physiognomy and hard compressed corporeal outline, bade fair to be obliterated in the comparatively austere aspect and tall spare build of the undoubted American. In walking with a republican friend on the quays of New York, I noticed a heap of uncouth and squalid Dutch and Bavarians, just deposited from an emigrant ship, and remarked the contrast which their dirty and squab appearance exhibited to the native population. "Such as they are," said my companion, "we shall see their progeny tapering up among us like lilies!" And so it is: moderate labour, abundant food, useful instruction, and the absence of servile forms, are speedily indicated by the thoughtful look, erect gait, and developed form. Perhaps in no part of the civilised world is there a race of men more generally large and robust than in the south-western states of the union, and certainly none more enterprising and energetic.

MILITARY HABITS IN THE NEWER AMERICAN STATES.

I may here notice a phenomenon of the social system in the United States, the cause of which is yet a mystery to many, notwithstanding the numerous publications concerning North American affairs that have issued from the press. It is no uncommon circumstance for a man who is both a planter and a lawyer, or either, to take the command of troops, and distinguish himself in the field. Most of the leaders in the Texan revolt, including Houston, Travis, T. J. Rusk, and others, united with their military duties the profession of the law. The militia service of the Union, especially in the new states, tends to make every man familiar with arms, and the general desire for political honours is an inducement to the acquisition of some portion of legal knowledge. The militia officers are elected by the privates, but the uniform and organisation of the force are the same as those of the regular army, and, when called into active service, it is paid like the federal troops. In the Atlantic states, where its services are very rarely required, its miscellaneous masters of mechanics and mercantile people afford a fit subject for the caricaturist; but, in the frontier states, the mounted riflemen, composed of the robust yeomanry, and officered by the ablest and most popular planters and professional men, many of whom have, perhaps, had a military education at West Point, form a description of force not to be surpassed in partisan warfare. The necessities of the state, or federal, government frequently call them to the field, and occasionally keep them embodied for months, during which they acquire habits of discipline and subordination. Living in rustic independence, and inured to the hunter's life, they regard war as a superior kind of excitement, and are always ready for action at the summons of their country; while, to the younger men, ambition or adventure is a sufficient stimulus to arm and march. In Kentucky especially, a favourite leader, with the means of defraying the essential charges of the expedition, could have no difficulty, at any time, in raising several thousand soldierly associates, to accompany him to a new country, where danger was to be dared and glory to be won. And if the enterprise were supported by public opinion, it would ultimately be accomplished, although successive shoals of adventurers should perish in the attempt. The wave that broke ineffectually at first, would be followed by others, until, finally, all obstacles were undermined, or overwhelmed, by the still returning surge.

And the training of the Anglo-Americans, which qualifies them for extemporaneous war, eminently adapts them for cultivating and extending the arts of peace. An Englishman usually devotes himself to a single branch of mechanical or professional industry, in which, by his steadiness and assiduity, he excels all competitors. He manufactures, or directs, a specific portion of machinery with unequalled skill and unwearied diligence; but there his applicability stops. Transfer him to a different branch of the same general occupation, and he is like a fish out of water. He is bewildered—he "can't get on." Not so the American. Every thing around him is new and changing, and he loves and accommodates himself to novelty and change. He is not pains-taking enough to finish off his particular taskwork, in the style of his kinsman of the old country; but then he is competent to execute any portion of the business at a pinch, and has always an eye to becoming, some day or other, superintendent of the whole, or embarking on his own account. If he build a ship, he does not despair of navigating her; at all events, he will not hesitate to try, when he has seen how others manage in the nautical line. It is the facility with which the Anglo-Americans mould

themselves to circumstances, whatever they may be, added to their habits of reflection and self-reliance, that accounts for their pre-eminence in colonisation.

BARBER-SURGEONS IN FRANCE.

M. BERRIAT SAINT-PIRX has given to the public the details of his researches into the history of surgery in France. These are of extreme interest, as they tend to show the advancement of true science, contrasting with the degradation of its followers even in times by no means rude or barbarous in other particulars.

There is hardly any profession, observes the writer, which has more claims to honour and privileges on the ground of extreme utility, than that of the surgeon, though formerly it was deemed very inferior to that of the physician.

This gentleman first refers to a singular document in proof of the disreputable state of surgery in the earlier part of the seventeenth century—namely, to the royal patent which granted, in 1637, to Jean Lastelle, the privilege of opening a shop at Grenoble. Premising that we do not intend to give a precise translation of all M. Berriat's essay, nor to detail more than the leading facts, we shall make use of it as far as suits our object—the entertainment of our readers—without other apology to the author himself than a reference to his published communication.* The act of local registration at Grenoble, referring to the royal letters-patent, commences thus:—"Having seen the patent (lettres de provision) obtained by the said Lastelle, first barber-surgeon to the king, granting to him the privileges of master-barber and surgeon at Gengousse, and to keep open a shop there, to hang up a basin, and to enjoy the usual rights and privileges of other masters, with inhibitions to the master-barbers and surgeons of said town, against hindering or molesting him in the privileges conveyed by the said patent, duly signed by the king, and sealed with a great seal of red wax, on a slip of parchment, &c. &c."

Considering the high and brilliant reputation of many of our modern surgeons, the elevated rank which they have attained, the immense fortunes which some of them have realised, it is strange to think of their predecessors soliciting the right of opening a shop in a petty town, and suspending over it a painted pole and brass basin, which even respectable hair-dressers in these days reject—leaving to the old-fashioned and humblest class of penny shavers and coarse wig-makers alone the display of these once-valued professional symbols.

M. Berriat, at first, had doubts of the authenticity of the document, which he quotes at full length; but he was at length satisfied on this point by indisputable evidence. To proceed with regular details.

Surgery was distinguished and separated from medicine in the middle ages by special laws. One of the oldest is an edict of Philip the Fair in 1311, declaring that at Paris many strangers of infamous character—house-breakers, coiners, murderers (*murtariis*), and thieves—practised surgery without examination or authority, and even hung up signs, like those of true surgeons, contrary to the statutes of the realm. It goes on to enact, that neither man nor woman should practise surgery, publicly or privately, without being examined by sworn practitioners in Paris, duly convened for the purpose. The provost was enjoined to destroy the banners or signs of all offenders against the statute.

In 1353, King John, in an *ordonnance* relating to apothecaries, enjoined that their preparations should be inspected twice a year by the masters of the trade, assisted by two physicians, and without any intermeddling of the surgeons; and, *a fortiori*, prohibiting, from interference the barbers, who were of a still inferior class of practitioners, and never invested with the professional robe.

By an edict in 1370 (of Charles V.), the barbers, besides having authority to cure wounds, were allowed, to bleed, in spite of much opposition from the surgeons; and in a second edict, on the same subject, they were authorised to cure and heal all sorts of boils, wounds, imposthumes, and open sores (in case that the wounds were not mortal) [!], without let or hindrance from the surgeons." Some of the statutes relating to them, towards the close of the century (1383), are not a little curious. For example:—"The king appoints, as the grand-master of the craft, his chief barber and valet-de-chambre, with the rank of lieutenant."

All candidates were to be examined before this officer and four sworn judges, before they could be passed. Hotel-keepers and showmen were disqualified. Barber-surgeons were prohibited from exercising their functions, except bleeding, on Sundays and grand fêtes; and they incurred a penalty by exhibiting their signs on those occasions. If they bled before dinner, they were forbidden to throw away the blood in less than one hour after, and if, in case of urgent necessity, they used the lancet after mid-day, they were to preserve the blood for two hours; and in order that they might clearly judge of the proper times and seasons for bleeding and cupping, each master barber-surgeon was presented with an almanac every year. Before this period, the sign of the barber-surgeon had been a basin or board, with a beard painted upon it; and it still continued to designate barber-surgeons.

It would be tiresome to detail the various statutes

* Memoirs of the Royal Antiquarian Society of France, vol. III.

In the succeeding centuries, which granted rights to the barbers; it is enough to state, that, in the sixteenth century, they were gradually more and more incorporated with the surgeons properly so called. In 1592, an act of Henry IV., after a recital of all the previous laws on the subject, declares in the preamble, that the profession of master-barber and surgeon not only extends to the dressing of beards and the hair of the head, but to theoretical and practical surgery and anatomy, and to the dressing and healing of imposthumes, sores, ulcers, fractures, and dislocations, the knowledge of simples and the compounding of drugs, and other matters relating to healing.*

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the two branches were completely incorporated. About the middle of it, the united profession brought two actions at Aix, against some unqualified operators in shaving and wig-making. These persons defended themselves, on the plea that they had no other trade, and that if they were prohibited from that, they must starve. The surgeons, on the other hand, maintained that, when the air was healthful, they had no other way of living but by dressing beards; and that if the others were allowed to work privately in this way, ignorance would characterise the profession; and, finally, that these statutes (identifying themselves with the barbers) were decidedly in their favour. One of the decisions was, that the *irreguliers* should have liberty to train beards, &c., for two years in their private rooms, with the condition of qualifying themselves within that period for the general practice of surgery.

Towards the close of this century (1691) Louis XIV. created a class denominated master-barbers, bath-keepers, and wig-makers, in all the principal towns of France, and prohibited master surgeon-barbers, their apprentices, and the widows of deceased masters, from pursuing the trade of wig-making and hair-dressing, and the barbers, bath-keepers, &c., from practising in surgery; but the practitioners of these two branches had the privilege of reciprocally visiting and aiding each other. This was the first movement to effect the separation of the two branches.

A happy revolution for surgery was now about to take place, adds our author. Distinguished men perceived how discreditable to science was the union of surgery with the trade of the barber, and La Peyronie suggested to the king, in 1724, through the chief surgeon, the plan of establishing professors and demonstrators. In 1731, an academy of surgery was formed, to which the physicians, wishing to monopolise the art of healing, were violently opposed. The publication, in 1741, of the first volume of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Surgeons*, completely proved the wisdom of the new system; and by a statute in 1743, the barbers were totally dissociated from the surgeons, and the happy result has been, that the school of surgery in Paris is not exceeded by any in the world.

DEFENSIVE POWERS OF ANIMALS.

INSECTS.

From the earliest date at which man began to be observant of the wonderful provisions of nature for the maintenance of comfort and order among all the beings existent on the globe, the admirable manner in which each distinct creature was gifted with the means of defence against attack and injury, in its own sphere of action, arrested particular notice and remark. We find the Greek poet Anacreon, for a casual purpose, going over some of the most prominent provisions of this kind, in that section of the animal kingdom brought most frequently into contact with man; and perhaps the subject about to occupy us, could not be better introduced than by quoting from the poem of the old bard. Cowley thus gives it, "paraphrastically," as he admits:—

"Liberal nature did dispense
To all things arms for their defence;
And some she arms with sinewy force,
And some with swiftness in the course;
Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
And some with horns or tusked jaws;
And some with scales, and some with wings,
And some with teeth, and some with stings;
Wisdom to man did she afford,
To woman beauty."

The subject of the defences of animals is admitted to be one of the most interesting within the range of natural history, having application alike to the minutest members of the insect creation, and to the most bulky of the animals co-existing with man on earth. As is shown by Kirby and Spence, as well as other entomologists, insects are provided with defences as perfect in themselves, and as finely calculated for the sphere of action of the creature, as those given to the lion, the crocodile, the elephant, or the whale.

* In 1606, James de Montmorency, the Seigneur of Crevecœur in Normandy, made a grant of a piece of land, at the annual rent of seven sous and a capon, to a barber-surgeon, with the condition of trimming the beards, &c. of the grantor and his gentlemen twice a year. There were also other conditions equally ridiculous and indelicate.

The means of defence of the insect creation have been divided into *passive* and *active*; the passive being "such as are independent of any efforts of the insect; and the active means of defence, such as result from certain efforts of the insect in the employment of those instincts and instruments with which Providence has furnished it for the purpose." This is the definition given by Kirby and Spence. The passive means of defence of insects are partly derived from their colour and form, by which they either deceive, dazzle, alarm, or annoy their enemies, and partly from the emission of involuntary secretions. The most simple mode of protection bestowed by nature on an insect, lies in giving it a hue closely resembling that of the substance in which it is usually found. Thus, one of the British *scorflies*, an insect of the curculio tribe, is so very like the mixture of white sand and black earth forming the soil it frequents, that no casual glance could detect it; and the naturalist, also, finds it a difficult thing to get hold of it. Other insects frequenting loam resemble loam; and so also with other soils. There are insects tinted and polished like the pebbles amid which they usually lie. Such resemblances tend greatly to secure them from the birds which prey on them. But the same passive means of defence are still more strikingly exemplified in the case of some of the caterpillar tribe, which always assume the hue of the leaves—green, yellow, or grey—on which they feed for the time, the hue of the food causing this protective change. You may often have a leaf in your hand, with one of these creatures upon it, without your knowing of its presence. As regards form as well as colour, disguises of an equally perfect kind are to be met with. The insect family of the *gryllidæ* (grasshoppers) contains some members which represent a small branch with its spray in a very perfect manner; while there are others "in which (to use the words of Mr Swainson) vegetable resemblances are still more complete, their wings and elytra being frequently perfect leaves; and where this is not the case, the body is lengthy and cylindrical, like a dry stick or straw." Other insects resemble dry brown leaves, and so far have nature carried such imitations, that some insects even resemble leaves drilled by caterpillars. In cases where the insects are carnivorous, these peculiarities serve both to defend the creature and to deceive its own prey; but most commonly they serve simply as a means of protection.

Some insect forms are even made in mimicry of flowers, to secure them from offence; others resemble fruits; and others are shaped like seeds. Some singular larvæ, again, which live in the homes of peculiar creatures of another kind, are shaped like these very creatures, in order to deceive them into permitting the intrusion. This is the case with certain larvæ that haunt the nests of humble-bees. A frightful aspect has been conjectured with probability to be no slight source of protection to some other insects, such as the stag-beetle; and, in particular cases, there are immense horns standing upright from the back, which are at once terrible to look at, which would protect from a blow above, and which must render it difficult for a bird to swallow the insect. Some insects have these back-horns commuted into a multitude of balls and spines, held up like a standard overhead. The bristles and hard protuberances on some caterpillars must have a similar effect, and the soft hairs form a defence in another way, rendering the body so smooth that it can scarcely be held in the bill of a bird or the human fingers. There are insects, also, whose down raises an inflammation on touch, similar to that produced by coveage; and the vesicatory powers of the cantharides insect, which must be a defence to the animal, are well known to mankind. Felt distinctly by man, these provisions must be a terrible annoyance to the tiny assailants of the possessors.

Some insects have the power of emitting secretions, which envelop them entirely, and form a secure defence. One instance is seen frequently in the case of the white froth, called frog-spittle, found on bushes, in the centre of which is a small hemipterous insect, from which it exudes. Where the secretion is not so complete as to form a cover, it is usually so offensive as to disgust assailants. These excretions are also useful in protecting against sun and rain. Another and remarkable means of preservation lies in the wonderful vitality of insects, which makes the most mortal seeming injuries of no ultimate effect against life. Spiders, for example, possess the power of growing new legs, to supply any loss that may be sustained in the course of their predatory existence.

The mode of flight or locomotion is another provision for the defence of insects. The butterfly flies in an irregular fluttering manner; but this seeming imperfection is only a proof of creative forethought. The animal has no other means of protection—if it darted straight forward, it would at once fall a prey to every vagrant enemy; but by flying irregularly, it cannot, without the greatest difficulty, become a prey to its pursuers. The leaping powers of the flea, need only be alluded to as a not less admirable provision for enabling the animal to escape from its enemies.

These passive means of defence with which insects have been endowed, will not appear uninteresting; but, certainly, the active defensive endowments are of a more curious character. Some insects, when alarmed, assume a peculiar attitude, imitative either of some other creature, or rendering them like inanimate bodies. One of our common beetles, having an orange-

coloured breast and black body, obviates the betraying effects of these conspicuously contrasted tints, by turning its head and tail inwards, and placing its thorax vertically, when it exactly resembles a rough stone of one hue. In something of a similar way does one of the commonest wood-lice, on alarm, roll itself up into a ball, so perfectly resembling a finely-streaked head, that a naturalist's maid-servant once attempted to string a number on a thread; and was only stopped by the little creatures beginning to struggle and run for their lives under her fingers. She was so much alarmed, that she followed the example and ran off too. A number of other insects pursue the same plan, generally attaining the double end of presenting the hardest parts of their coating to the assailant, and having the chance of deceiving him.

As many or most birds will not seize a dead prey, various insects, such as the tree-chafers, simulate death, when occasion calls, by stretching out the legs stiffly, throwing them up in the air, and taking in every case the exact bodily attitude which the peculiar tribe display in the case of a real decease. "A little timber-boring beetle (says Kirby), which, when the head is withdrawn somewhat within the thorax, much resembles a monk, has been long famous for a most pertinacious simulation of death. All that has been related of the heroic constancy of American savages, when taken and tortured by their enemies, scarcely comes up to that which these little creatures exhibit. You may maim them, pull them limb from limb, roast them alive over a slow fire, but you will not gain your end; not a joint will they move, nor show by the least symptom that they suffer pain. Do not think, however," continues the gentle naturalist, "that I ever tried these experiments upon them myself." [In their case, such experiments cannot really be so cruel as they appear, nevertheless.] Common spiders frequently drop from their station, coil up their limbs, and sham death. Caterpillars have a knack, when surrounded by enemies, of supporting themselves angularly upon one end on a branch, looking most strikingly like the gem at the end of a twig. Gardeners have got a start sometimes in attempting to break them off for twigs. The means of defence of one large caterpillar, called by the Americans "the hickory-horned," consists in the power of shaking its horned head in so formidable a manner, that, though perfectly harmless, the negroes fear it as much as the rattlesnake. Another creature of the beetle family endeavours to frighten its enemies by puffing out two bladders of a very inoffensive kind. Bees and their congeners make all the sound they can, and show their sting with a little poison upon it. Some have, however, a peculiar noise for cases of alarm. The death's-head hawk-moth, when menaced by the stings of ten thousand bees enraged at its depredations on their property, has at command a cry which dismays them in an instant of their fury.

We have spoken of defensive secretions, motions, and sounds. Insects are also guarded in some instances by defensive scents or odours, which they have at command in extremity, as in the well-known instance of the larger creature called the skunk. A great variety of beetles, as well as of other insects, cannot be taken up by the fingers of the naturalist, without his being immediately annoyed by an emitted odour, which will remain for hours in spite of repeated washings, and which will assuredly prevent him from so meddling with the insect again. In other assailants, irrational, but gifted with the smelling sense, the same protective sense of disgust must be similarly excited. If any thing were required to prove that this power of emitting fetid odours was specially given as a means of defence, we would find that proof in the fact that distinct organs, on which this power depends, are found in many insects, and that no other purpose can be conjectured for such a provision. The rove-beetles and the poplar-beetles furnish instances in point. But still more remarkable cases of such defensive provisions may be adduced. There is one beetle, characteristically called the *bombardier*, which has at command a complete species of artillery, the discharge of which is attended by noise, smoke, and fœtor, like that accompanying the ignition of gunpowder. "When the insect has recovered from the effect of one discharge, and the pursuit is renewed, a second discharge arrests its progress. The bombardier can fire its artillery twenty times in succession, if necessary, and so gain time to effect its escape." (Kirby and Spence.) Another insect accompanies its detonations with the emission of a yellow fluid, and can also direct it to any given point. Discharges of acrid and offensive fluids in streams, directed upon the assailant, are likewise observable in the case of some insects, such as the bloody-nose beetle (a name arising from the red hue of the discharge), and some others. A naturalist, Mr Shepard, was rather surprised one day, on making the animal, by pressure, emit its red fluid against his son's cheek, to find the boy instantly complain of a sharp smarting pain. To the enemies of the insect, the discharge must therefore be peculiarly unpleasant. Numerous insects, ants in particular, possess such defensive means. The source of the discharge is varied in different cases. Some insects emit it from special syringes and apertures for the purpose, others from the mouth and natural openings.

Distinct instruments or weapons for defence, of a remarkable kind, have been given to many insects. We need scarcely allude to the sting, and accompany-

ing poison, of the bee and wasp, in proof of this statement. A variety of moths, also, have sharp and strong horns or stings, more or less numerous, and with or without poison, which serve the same end. One New Holland moth has no less than eight weapons of this kind. It is wonderful how effective these weapons are. A large spider-fly, gifted with a sting, was once seen by a naturalist of Kent to attack a toad, and actually kill it.

Many members of the insect creation, in the absence of other defences, find sufficient security by covering themselves with a variety of substances. The cases of stones and straw, formed by the watery larvæ, which fishers use as bait, are familiar in our rivers. Some insects use as a protection the cases of others slain by them. Others roll themselves up in flowers and leaves. In short, this mode of self-defence is one extremely common, the means being ingeniously varied according to the circumstances of the employer. The whole mechanism of the larvæ state, indeed, is a proof of the prevalence of this contrivance for security. The cocoons of the silk worm afford but one case out of millions where insects, at that period of their mutable existence when they are most helpless, wrap themselves up in defensive coverings that are almost impenetrable by any assailant. This part of our subject, however, is one so well understood, that we need enlarge no farther upon it.

In a future article we shall leave the insect world, and carry the inquiry into other sections of the animated creation.

THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND GIRL.

Or Laura Bridgeman, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, whose only means of communication with the external world is by the touch, and of whom we lately gave a short account, the following incident is related in the report by Dr Home of the Perkins' Institution for the Blind at Boston. It is the account of an interview with her mother.

"During the last year, and six months after Laura had left her home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently, Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding here, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt that her beloved child did not know her.

She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly, to say she understood the string was from her home.

The mother now tried to caress her; but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested: she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest—she became very pale, and then suddenly red—hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her flushed face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled in the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy."

The subsequent parting between Laura and her mother, showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child, and was thus noticed at the time.

"Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving [or feeling] the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment—then she dropped her mother's hand—put her handkerchief to her eyes, and, turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed with emotions as deep as those of her child."

THE COUCH BY FRIENDSHIP SPREAD.

[BY JOHN BETHUNE.]

How sweet the couch by friendship spread,
Though coarse its quilt, and hard its fold:
Where shall the wanderer find a bed,
Though heap'd with down, and hung with gold,
So dearly loved, so warm, so soft,
As that where he hath lain so oft?
Oh! when our forms with toil are tired,
Or travel-worn our wearied feet,
What then so much to be desired,
So cheering, soothing, and so sweet,
As our own ingle's fiftal gleams,
And our own couch of rosy dreams?
When 'tighted on the mountain road,
While o'er the rugged rocks we climb,
Fancy portrays our own abode,
Aid nerves anew each fainting limb
To struggle with the dreary steep—
For dear is our own bed of sleep.
And oh! when on a distant coast,
Our steps are stay'd by dire disease,
Who then, of those who watch the most,
Though kind, can have the power to please
Like those who watch'd disease's strife
At home, and soothed us back to life?
Where is the heart's soft sliver chain
Which binds to earth our spirits weak,
Fardons the peevishness of pain,
Supplies the wants we cannot speak,
And with well-tried and patient care
Inspires our love and prompts our prayer?
Alas! though kind the stranger's eye,
And kind his heart as heart can be,
There is a want, we know not why,
A face beloved we cannot see—
A something round our aching head,
Unlike our own endearing bed.
When fired by fever's phantom chase,
We fling aside the curtain's fold,
It shows a face—a pitying face—
But ah! to us its cast seems cold;
And, with our last remains of pride,
We vainly strive our pain to hide.
But dear to us are those who wait
Around our couch, with kindred pain—
The long familiar friend or mate,
Whose softness woos us to complain—
Whose tear meets every tear that flows,
Whose sympathy relieves our woes.
Oh, may I have, in life and death,
A bed where I may lay me down;
A home, a friend, whose every breath
May blend and mingle with my own—
Whose heart with mine in joy may beat,
Whose eye with mine in pain may meet.
And when at last the hour is come
Which bids my joy and sorrow cease—
When my pale lips grow hush'd and dumb,
And my tired soul hath fled in peace—
Then may some friend lay down my head
Into its last cold earthy bed.

THE PANAMA ROUTE TO NEW ZEALAND.

We extract the following from the *New Zealand Journal* (London, May 18), in reference to the probability of there being soon a system of speedy communication with New Zealand, and, we should expect, the Australian islands, by way of the Isthmus of Panama—thus shortening a voyage of five or six to less than three months:—

"The prospect of diminishing the length of time occupied by the New Zealand voyage, has lately assumed a very definite character, and we apprehend we can scarcely gratify our readers more than by adding some details to the general statement contained in the directors' [of the New Zealand Company] report.

Many of our readers are aware that the West India Steam Navigation Company have a contract with government to carry the mails to the West Indies, by steam, for a certain number of years. The steamships for this important service are now building at Northfleet, near Gravesend; they are in a state of forwardness, and we believe the month of September will not pass away without witnessing the departure of one of them.

The Jamaica voyage is often performed by sailing vessels in twenty-eight days, and it is not too much to expect that the time will be reduced by steam to twenty days.

This arrangement, combined with others now in progress, at once points out the practicability of establishing a line of communication with New Zealand, by way of the Isthmus of Panama and the Pacific; and the report announces that the directors are fully alive to the subject, in the way of which there are now but few obstacles.

The distance from Jamaica to Puerto Bello, on the Atlantic coast of the isthmus, is only 550 miles, or three days' journey by steam. The West India Steam Navigation Company have expressed their willingness to complete this part of the line (we adopt the American words), so that the passage across the isthmus, and the Pacific voyage, alone remain to be accounted for.

Across the isthmus there are now several routes. The shortest distance is only thirty miles; but from Puerto Bello to Panama, on the Pacific coast, the distance is forty-two miles. There are several roads, but they are bad. Bad as they are, however, they are, even in their unimproved state, quite practicable; and even if no change were to take place, a rough journey of forty miles would not be shrunk from to save nearly half the distance from New Zealand.

But the improvement of the isthmus route is a perfectly practicable matter. In 1827, a gentleman of

the name of Lloyd, who had served in Bolivar's personal staff, was employed to survey and report upon the probability of communication across the isthmus by road or canal. This gentleman shows that a much more practicable route for a road exists than the direct line between Puerto Bello and Panama; and that the rivers Chagres, Trinidad, and Gatun, on the Atlantic side, and the Chepo Chorrero and Grande, on the Pacific side, afford ample means of constructing a canal route.

On the Pacific coast of America, steam is already established. From Panama to Lima, and thence to Valparaiso, steam-boats run regularly, so that all that will remain to be done, after the West India steam packets shall have commenced running, is to establish some regular mode of communication between Valparaiso, or some other Chilean port, and New Zealand. This is intended to be accomplished, not by means of two steam-boats, as has been somewhat hastily stated, but by means of four compactly-built, fast-sailing brigs, of about two hundred and forty tons burden, to keep up a monthly communication in connexion with the Valparaiso and Panama steamers, and thence across the isthmus with the West India and English steamers.

There are two reasons for preferring sailing vessels to steam. First, in the infancy of communication between two countries, the trade and intercourse are seldom sufficiently extensive to bear the expense, and, secondly, in this case there always prevails what sailors call a soldier's wind, or, in other words, a northerly or southerly wind, either of which is a fair wind to the eastward as well as to the westward.

The course which we believe the New Zealand Company intends to adopt is, to offer a remunerating charter, for a limited number of years, to any enterprising house who will build four vessels for the purpose. In this way the company will know the extent of their liability. It is calculated, that, with the large number of passengers who now annually embark for one or other of the Australian ports, the company will be enabled ultimately to remunerate themselves; but, at all events, they will at least have had the satisfaction of contributing to a great revolution in navigation, and they will assuredly deserve the gratitude of every one of the Australian colonies.

The time occupied may be calculated as follows:—To Jamaica, 20 days; to Puerto Bello, 3 days; across the isthmus, and delays, 3 days; to Valparaiso, 12 days; to New Zealand, 35 days; total, 73 days.

The Jamaica voyage might sometimes be shorter or longer, and the others might also be similarly shortened or protracted by three or four days, but the probability is, that all would not be protracted during the same voyage, but that one would compensate the other. It is believed that the voyage would be seldom more than eighty days, and might occasionally be reduced to sixty-five."

NEWSPAPER EDITORS AND PRINTERS.

The extreme difficulty experienced in getting payment for newspapers in America, produces innumerable squibs, in the form of paragraphs, from the editors: the following is one of the latest:—

"I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby. "He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim. "How so?" said my uncle. "Because, in the first place," continued the corporal, "because he must endeavour to please every body. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted, and he is ruined to all intents and purposes." "Too much the case, Trim," said my uncle, with a deep sigh; "too—much—the—case." "An' please your honour," continued Trim, elevating his voice, and striking into an imploring attitude—"an' please your honour, this is not the whole." "Go on, Trim," said my uncle feelingly. "The printer sometimes," pursued the corporal, "hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but, alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and it is all over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty miss exclaims—'Why don't he give us more poetry, marriages, and bon mots?—away with these stale pieces.' The politician claps his specs on his nose, and runs it over in search of a violent invective: he finds none; he takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet, after all this complaining, would you believe it, sir," said the honest corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly—"would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay? Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything so bad as that." "Never!" said my uncle Toby, emphatically.

Messrs Chambers consider it necessary to intimate that to all works which they edit and publish are affixed their names—WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, and they are responsible for no other. The publications which they now issue are—"CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL" (began February 4, 1839) "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE" (began January 2, 1841), "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," (now approaching its completion), and "PEOPLE'S EDITIONS of Approved Works in all Departments of Literature" (of which forty-three distinct books are already issued).

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